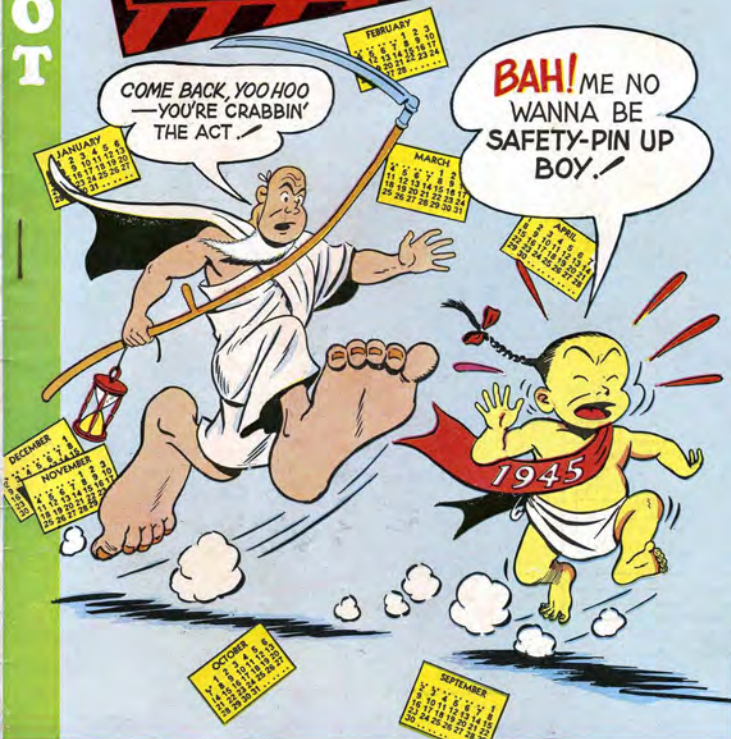


IN THIS ISSUE:
SPARKY WATTS
THE FACE
JOE PALOOKA
DIXIE DUGAN
THE SKYMAN
CHARLIE CHAN
 and **BO**

BIG SHOT



SEASON'S GREETINGS!

FIGHT
INFANTILE
PARALYSIS



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State _____

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JOE PALOOKA

by HAM FISHER.

ONCE UPON A TIME...

JOE, WE'RE THE CLASS COMMITTEE. WE'RE GONNA HAVE A CHRIS'MAS PARTY.

OH, THAT'S ELIGINT. I'M GLAD EV'RY BUDDY IS GONNA BE THERE. GEE, IT'LL BE GRAND.

WELL, NOT EV'RYBUDDY. THERE'S A FEW WE'RE NOT INVITIN'.

LIKE WHO?

FRANKLIN PUBLIC SCHOOL

...AN' ALEG. WE DIDN'T INVITE THEM.

WHY? GEE, THEY'RE SUCH NICE KIDS. I'D LIKE T'KNOW WHY THEY AIN'T INVITID?

WE KNOW!

LOOK, JOE. NOBUDDY INVITES THEM. YOU KNOW WHY JIST AS WELL AS I DO.

BUT I DON'T, I RILLY DON'T. I WISH YOU'D EXPLAIN.

...AN' BENNY. WELL YOU KNOW WHAT HIS FATHER WAS.

BUT WHAT'S AT GOT T'DO WITH BENNY? HOW DO I KNOW WHAT YOUR FATHER WAS?

NOW LOOKA HERE YOU! THAT'S A INSULT. AT LEAST MY FATHER WASN'T BORN ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE TRACKS.

I DINT MEAN TO INSULT YOU. AN' I DON'T SEE WHY YOU SHOULD INSULT THE OTHER KIDS.

...WHO I LIKE. BUT JIST BECUZ THEY AIN'T SWELL ENOUGH 'ER THEIR FATHER. 'ER GRAN' MOTHER WASN'T WHAT YOU THINK IS THE RIGHT PEOPLE.

AW--YOU DON'T MAKE NO SENSE.

OOF!

IT'S YOU DON'T MAKE NO SENSE, GEORGE. WE BEEN STUDYIN' DEMOCRACY BUT I KIN SEE YOU WASN'T LISININ'. I AIN'T COMIN' TO THE PARTY!

WHO CARES. WE DON'T WANT 'CHA ANYWAY. YOU'RE DUMB. HMM!

JOSEPH, DEAR... AREN'T YOU GOIN' TO THE CHRIS'MAS PARTY?

UH-UH... MAMA.

I WONDER WHY I JIST LOVE ALL PEOPLE AN' ANIMULS. I GUESS MEBBE I ... I'M DUMB -- BUT I'D FIGHT AN' DIE 'FER DEMOCRACY -- MEBBE I DON'T UNDERSTAND ...

BUT YOU DO, LITTLE JOE -- WHO YOU DO A SIMPLE -- IT'S YOU A SIMPLE -- UNDERSTANDS -- BLESSINGS ON YOU, MY SON.

W-WHO'S AT--WHO WAS AT TALKIN'-- GOLLY, I MUSTA BEEN DREAMIN'.

TO ALL THOSE WHOSE LOVE OF FELLOWMAN MAKES VICTORY FOR DEMOCRACY A CERTAINITY, WE SINCERELY WISH A

MERRY XMAS

FOR WITHOUT UNITY AND RESPECT FOR EVERY MAN'S RIGHT TO EQUALITY WE CAN NOT HOLD THE DEAREST OF ALL THINGS--

DEMOCRACY.

HAM FISHER

JOE PALOOKA

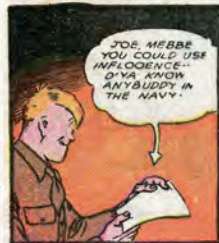
by HAM FISHER.



WE'RE STILL EATIN IN MIKE'S BUT IT AIN'T LIKE IT USED TIBE



BOY I REMEMBER WHEN THE GUY IN UNIFORM DIDN'T DO A LOOK W BUT IT AIN'T THA' WAY NOW AN' THAT'S AS IT SHOULD BE



JOE PALOOKA

by HAM FISHER.



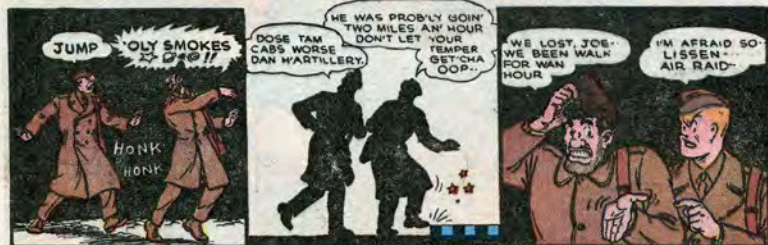
JOE PALOOKA

by HAM FISHER.



JOE PALOOKA

by HAM FISHER.



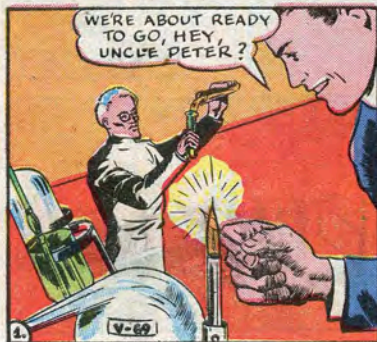
The

SKYMAN



WHEN
PROFESSOR
PETER TURNER
AND HIS NEPHEW
ALLEN COOKED UP
THE MOST POWERFUL
EXPLOSIVE IN THE
WORLD, THEY WERE
ASKING FOR TROUBLE
AND THEY
GOT IT...!

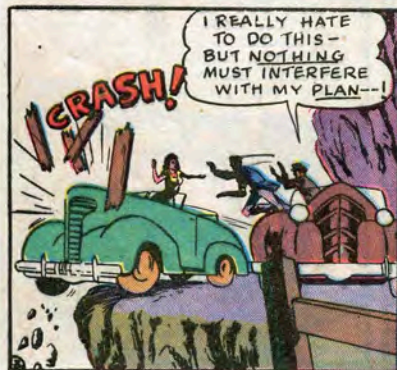
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BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



TWO HOURS LATER, HIGH ABOVE A LONELY REGION OF CANADA'S LAURENTIAN HIGHLAND---



THE ICARUS-CAPE COMES IN HANDY HERE-IF I RODE THE WING DOWN, DROM'S FRIENDS WOULD SEE IT COMING AND RADIO A WARNING TO HIM, BUT I DOUBT THAT THEY'LL NOTICE ME--!



BIG SHOT



COLLAPSING THE CAPE AND DROPPING SUDDENLY FOOLED THEM--NOW TO LAND WITHOUT CRACKING UP---!



NOT EXACTLY A THREE POINTER BUT I'M HERE!

AND I AM GLAD M'SIEUR!-- BEHOLD! THAT DEVIL, DROM, HAS SLAIN MY BROTHER--!



WITH A LITTLE LUCK I MIGHT BE ABLE TO AVENGE HIM, MY FRIEND--!

MY AUTOMATIC WOULD EXPLODE THE PLANE-- AND SET OFF THE V-69 BUT MAYBE WITH A RIFLE..

YOU HAVE HIT HIM, M'SIEUR!



HE WILL CRASH!

NOT WITHIN A MILE, I HOPE-- OR WE DIE TOO---!



HMM-- NOT AS BAD AS I FEARED-- BUT ENOUGH TO FINISH DROM--!

BUT WAS IT...?

SPARKY WATTS



17



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

IN THE MEANTIME



LATER



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



CHARLIE CHAN

**CHARLIE,
GINA
AND
KIRK
ARE ON
THE TRAIL
OF A
SPY RING**

THERE WAS ANOTHER MAN
-AND A WOMAN! I'M SURE
I SAW HER SOMEWHERE
BEFORE!

MOST
UNUSUAL! THIS
FACE ALSO APPEARS
STRANGELY FAMILIAR!

KIRK!
THIS MAN!
REMEMBER MONOCLED
MAN - WITH EXOTIC
LADY - IN
WASHINGTON!

YOU'RE RIGHT,
CHARLIE! THIS
IS ANOTHER OF
THE SPY RING!

TELL POSSE TO
SEARCH WOODS FOR
MAN AND WOMAN!
WE MUST MAKE
IMMEDIATE REPORT
TO F.B.I.!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND
IT, KIRK! CHARLIE GAVE
UP THE CHASE FOR THE
ENEMY SPIES AND CAME
HOME!

YOU CAN
DEPEND ON
CHAN! WE PUT
IN A CALL TO
WASHINGTON THE
MOMENT WE GOT
HERE!

IN THE NEXT ROOM CHARLIE TALKS ON
THE TELEPHONE WITH J. EDGAR HOOVER.

YES, CHIEF! ARSENAL SAFE!
GREAT DISASTER AVERTED!
ONE SPY DEAD - A MAN AND
A WOMAN ESCAPED! WOMAN
IS KNOWN TO THIS PERSON!

GOOD WORK,
CHARLIE! THEY'LL
TRY THE BACK DOOR!
SAN FRANCISCO!

SAN FRANCISCO OLD
STAMPING GROUND TO THIS
PERSON! KNOW EVERY CORNER!
WILL FLY THERE -AND SET TRAP
FOR FLEEING ENEMIES!

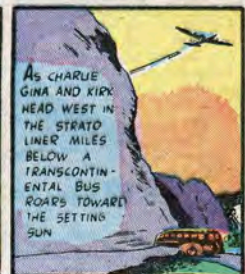
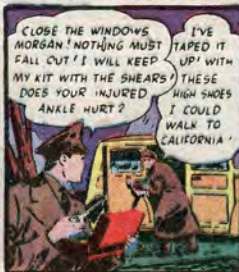
MUST PREPARE
FOR JOURNEY TO
CALIFORNIA - TO SET
TRAP FOR ESCAPING
FOREIGN
AGENTS!

AT SAN
FRANCISCO,
CHARLIE?
OH GOOD!

BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



Happy New Year, Jim!

By RAY KRANK

Dear Jim,

Cousin Frankie has broken his arm so he asked me to write to you and explain that he can't pay you that five bucks he owes you. For that matter, he can't even write to you himself (even if he didn't have the cracked wing) because his typewriter is in hock. So is your bicycle.

I don't mind writing for Frankie because I was going to send you a New Year's Greeting card anyway (I'm sorry about the Christmas present—I was temporarily short of cash), and I think a letter is much more personal and from the heart than a card which you get in a store, don't you? So, while I think of it, I'll just say

Happy New Year, Jim!

Of course it's easy for us civilians to say that, hey, kid? But you guys in the Army, well, I guess you'd be happier if you was home again, hey? Well, don't worry—the way I figure it, it won't be long now! Come to think of it though, you must be having a lot of fun at that, being a bombardier Boy, would I like a chance to drop a few blockbusters on them crummy Japs! But you know my eyesight, Jim. They ain't invented the glasses yet that would make it possible for me to see a foot in front of me on a clear day!

As a matter of fact, my bum peepers are in a way responsible for Cousin Frankie's busted arm, and also for Mom's broken leg. I don't suppose Mom told you about that when she wrote, did she? But what the heck—I don't think it's right to keep things from a guy just because he's in service, do you? Besides, Mom's mending very

nicely. She's lucky to be alive when you come right down to it. You know your old room on the second floor—that is, it was on the second floor, but since there ain't no more second floor it naturally ain't there any more. Ha ha ha! But I don't suppose anybody told you about the house burning down?

It's funny the way things happen. You know your girl Rita, she's a funny kid. For a blonde that is. Most blondes are kind of dizzy, you know what I mean? But Rita's different. Right after that auto accident (I'll bet she never told you about that?), she got sore as a pup at me and told Mom that I had no business driving a car with my eyesight the way it is. And Mom said I was a fine guy and Cousin Frankie was a fine guy, trying to take your girl away from you and you in the Army.

Now you know that's silly, Jim! What the heck, if a girl really loves a guy, how can anybody take her away from him? So I don't see where it was wrong for me and Frankie to try and date Rita up (although Frankie was kind of sneaky about it), do you? I'll bet you don't. But Mom is kind of narrowminded and Old Fashioned about things like that. You know Mom.

But that Frankie! What a guy! Rita comes out of Murray's Grocery last Saturday with her arms full of bundles and who pulls up to the curb in his old flivver but our dear cousin. Hop in, he says, I'll give you a lift. Well, you could tell she didn't want to—and no wonder, after all the passes Frankie made at the Church Sociable

Wednesday night! — but finally she says Okay, but see that you behave yourself! I heard the whole conversation because I was right there, sort of standing out of sight behind the Christmas trees Murray's has lined up against the rope like he does every year. As a matter of fact I was planning to ask Rita to ride home in my car—that is, *your* car. (In case you're wondering, we get all the gas we want, down at Bigelow's, for fifty cents a gallon. What a crook that Bigelow is, hey?)

Anyway, to make a long story short, I hopped into the car and sort of trailed the two of them. Because you know that crazy cousin of yours is liable to do anything when he takes a notion and I thought maybe I'd better be on hand in case he tried to elope with Rita or something. Well, I was right all right! The darn fool turns right at the Forks instead of left and heads out along the Pike. Of course with my eyes I can't make out whether Rita is objecting or not, but I figured she would be. After all, she had all them bundles and her mother was expecting her home, naturally. So I stepped on it to catch up with them and just as we came to Millstream Bridge I pulled up alongside of them.

That is, I meant to pull up alongside, but it seems I cut it too close. My darn eyes, you know. Well, anyway, I slammed into the running board and front fender of Frankie's car, and then I skidded and the first thing you know, Bang! the car turned completely over on me! I was shaken up of course, but I didn't get a scratch! Lucky, hey? Especially since the old bus caught

BIG SHOT

on fire right away and burned like nobody's business. (Did you renew the insurance, by the way, Jim? I can't find the policy.)

Well, when I crawled out from under the coupe, Frankie's tuncan was nowhere in sight. Neither was Frankie and Rita. But I could hear them all right! He was hollering blue murder and she was sort of screeching. It seems when I scraped the side of Frankie's car he sort of lost control and they went right through the wooden rail and into the millstream. But it's only a nx or ten feet drop.

Luckily, Doc Ogden came along just then and he and I helped the two of them up out of the stream. Boy, they were blue with cold already—that water's pretty icy. As I guess you remember, Frankie's right arm was broken as it turned out, but Rita was all right except for a few cuts on top of her head. The windshield did that. Back at the house—our house because that's where the Doc drove us right away in his old jalopy—Ogden put a few stitches in her scalp and you'd of laughed at the way she looked. Because to put the stitches in and fix up the cuts, the Doc had to cut away most of her hair—and did she look funny! Of course she was a little upset about it, but you know, now girls are.

It turned out that Frankie was just taking Rita out to the Roadside Rest—although she didn't want to go and tried to make him turn back—because he wanted his friend Hughie Toner, the bandleader, to hear her sing so maybe she could do a turn there on Saturday nights. Not that she wanted any part of that dump, but you know Frankie! Well, when Doc Ogden heard the whole story, he was burned up (why, I don't know—it was none of his business), and he charged Frankie ten bucks for fixing his arm. What's more, he soaked me the same amount for stitching Rita's head—and Mom backed him up too! What a family! Any-

way, that's why Frankie had to hock his typewriter, and I had to hock several of my things, including your bike. But I'll pay you back one of these days, Jim. don't worry about it.

Ogden drove Frankie home but he suggested Rita lie down for a little while so as to avoid possible shock. So Mom took her up to your room. It was only a little while after that that the fire started. Of course I got the blame for that, but holy smoke I get the blame for everything! It wasn't really my fault, it was Mom's. I just wanted to start a fire in the fireplace in the parlor because the house seemed pretty cold to me and I thought I'd warm it up a bit so Rita wouldn't catch pneumonia or something after the soaking she got in the millstream. But the wood was full of air bubbles and the first thing you know sparks were bouncing all over the place and the rug was starting to smoulder.

Well, I decided to put the fire out then before we had trouble, so I rushed out to the kitchen to get some water to douse it with. There was a pail of water just inside the kitchen door so I picked it up and ran back with it and threw it on the fire. Wow! I didn't know what happened at first but it sure happened fast! It seems the pail didn't have water in it at all—it was kerosene! Mom had been using it to clean something or other and she had just left it there when we all came in with Ogden.

You never saw a fire spread so fast, Jim! As a matter of fact by the time I ran back into the house again to get Rita and Mom, it was racing up the stairway to the second floor and they couldn't get down. So they had to jump from the window of your room—that's how Mom broke her leg. Rita was lucky though—she only sprained her wrist.

Well, take care of yourself, kid. By the time you get your furlough, I imagine Pop will be out of the hospital—you heard about what happened at the

sawmill, didn't you? If not, let me know and I'll tell you all about it in my next letter. So, once again,

Happy New Year, Jim!

Your everloving brother,

Ray

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP
MANAGEMENT CIRCULATION, ETC.
REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CON-
GRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND
MARCH 3, 1933. OF BIG SHOT, published
monthly at New York N. Y. for October
1, 1944.

State of New York
County of New York

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared FRANK J. MARKEY, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the BUSINESS MANAGER of the BIG SHOT and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief a true statement of the ownership management (and in the case of the circulation) etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933 embodied in section 347 of the Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business manager are:
Publisher, COLUMBIA COMIC CORPORATION, 469 Lexington Ave., NEW YORK N. Y.

Editor, NONE.
Managing Editor, THOMAS DE ANGELO, 469 Lexington Ave., NEW YORK N. Y.
Business Manager, FRANK J. MARKEY, 469 Lexington Ave., NEW YORK N. Y.

2. That the owner is, (if owned by a corporation its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of all individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given.)
Columbia Comic Corporation, 469 Lexington Ave., New York N. Y.
Charles J. McAdam, R. F. D. No. 2, Port Chester, N. Y.
Frank J. Murphy, 25 Willow Ave., Larchmont, N. Y.
Frank J. Markey, 469 Lexington Ave., New York N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none so state.)
None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and other security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in case where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

FRANK J. MARKEY, Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of August, 1944.

ELIZABETH C. REMLEIN

Notary Public,
King's County Clerk's No. 880; County Register's No. 437-P5; New York County Clerk's No. 1039; New York County Register's No. 833-R3.

Commission expires March 28, 1945.

CAPTAIN YANK

by Frank Tunney

RAIDING THE SECRET JAP MINE, YANK AND COL. SACHA RUDIKI OF THE RED ARMY ENGINEERS MOVE PART OF THE T.N.T. INTO THE TUNNEL UNDER THE RIVER AND PREPARE TO BLOW THE MINE...

PREVENTED BY THE JAPS FROM EXPLODING THE CHARGE SAFELY, RUDIKI LOOKS HIMSELF IN THE TUNNEL, INTENDING TO BLOW IT UP BY HAND...

COMRADE MARSHAL—
THE JAPS!... HERE THEY COME!

TOO LATE NOW, CAPTAIN...
GET IN SLED—QUICKLY!



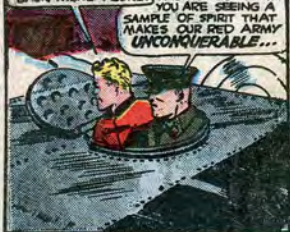
HURRY, FOOL, OR THE
YELLOW MONKEYS'LL
CUT US OFF!

HES ABOARD—
GET GOING!



IT SEEMS HORRIBLE
TO LEAVE RUDIKI
BACK THERE—ALONE!

IT IS ONLY WAY TO
SAVE THE FORTRESS
AND HE KNOWS IT...
YOU ARE SEEING A
SAMPLE OF SPIRIT THAT
MAKES OUR RED ARMY
UNCONQUERABLE...



...THE SAME SPIRIT OF
SACRIFICE WITH WHICH THE
DEFENDERS OF STALINGRAD
DIRECTED ARTILLERY FIRE
UPON THEMSELVES IN ORDER
TO DESTROY THE CLOSELY
PRESSING NAZIS!



GOODBYE,
SACHA...



SACHA WAS GOOD SOLDIER!
HE GAVE HIS LIFE—BUT HE
DROVE HARD BARGAIN...
THE JAPS WILL NEVER USE
THEIR SECRET TUNNEL TO
INVADGE RUSSIAN SOIL!



NOW I UNDERSTAND WHY
LENINGRAD, MOSCOW AND
STALINGRAD HELD FAST...
AS LONG AS YOU HAVE MEN
LIKE HIM, RUSSIA CAN
NEVER BE DEFEATED!



BIG SHOT

"YOU TOO, HAVE DONE YOUR PART, MY FRIENDS... IF IT WERE NOT FOR YOUR WARNING, SIBERIA MIGHT HAVE BEEN CUT OFF AND TAKEN... IN THE NAME OF THE RED ARMY, THANK YOU!"



AND I MUST RADIO THE U.S. COMMANDER IN CHUNGKING FOR ORDERS...



...AND THAT'S THE STORY, SIR -- MARSHAL CHEYENKO WILL FORWARD AN OFFICIAL REPORT... NOW, IF DR. LIN IS THERE, HIS DAUGHTER WOULD LIKE TO TALK TO HIM...



MY FATHER?

HE'S BEEN SENT TO THE U.S. TO WORK ON HIS RUBBER PROCESS... HE LEFT WORD FOR YOU TO JOIN HIM!



(AND YOU, YANK -- WHERE DO YOU GO?)

MY ORDERS HAVE BEEN WAITING AT CHUNGKING FOR WEEKS... I AM TO JOIN MY OUTFIT IN TUNISIA!

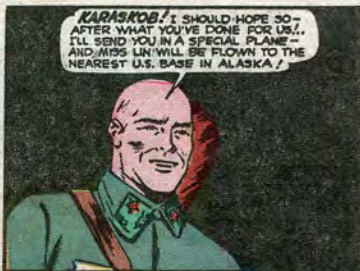


SO YOU ARE ORDERED TO TUNISIA... HOW DO YOU PLAN TO GET THERE?

VIA RUSSIA AND THE NEAR EAST -- IF YOU CAN FIND A PLACE FOR ME ON ONE OF YOUR PLANES!



KARASKOB! I SHOULD HOPE SO -- AFTER WHAT YOU'VE DONE FOR US... I'LL SEND YOU IN A SPECIAL PLANE -- AND MISS LIN WILL BE FLOWN TO THE NEAREST U.S. BASE IN ALASKA!



GOODBYE, YANK -- I WISH I WERE GOING WITH YOU...

NOT 'GOODBYE,' WING... LET'S MAKE IT "AU REVOIR" -- FOR I KNOW THAT SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE, WE'LL MEET AGAIN!



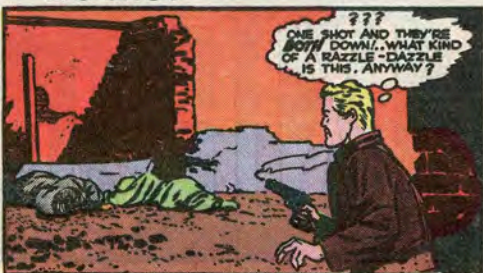
WESTWARD THRU RUSSIA, THEN SOUTH AND WEST AGAIN, YANK SPEEDS; CHANGING FROM PLANE TO PLANE... IRAQ, EGYPT AND HOSTILE LIBYA PASS BENEATH HIS WINGS... AT LAST, HE SIGHTS THE ADVANCED BASE OF THE U.S. FORCES IN TUNISIA.



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



MORE OF CAPTAIN YANK IN THE NEXT ISSUE.

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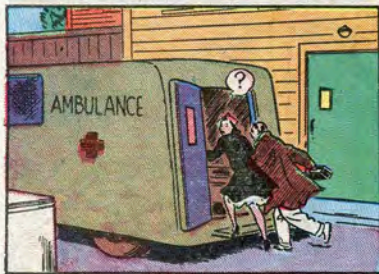
DIXIE Dugan

BY MEEVOY
AND STREIBEL

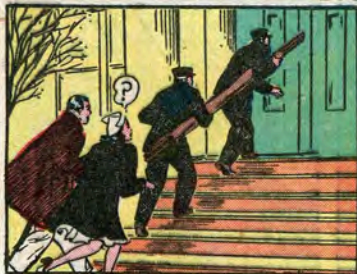
DXIE
AND MICKEY
DRESS AS
NURSES
TO AMUSE
MICKEY'S
UNCLE
WHO IS A
PATIENT
AT THE
SANITARIUM

NURSE DUGAN—I THINK
THE PATIENT NEEDS A
FEW NEWSPAPERS AND
MAGAZINES TO READ—

SHALL DO!



BIG SHOT



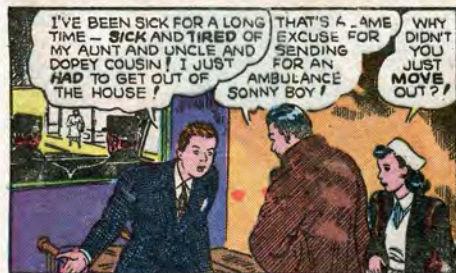
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BIG SHOT



MORE ABOUT RONNIE KINTER'S STRANGE RELATIVES IN THE NEXT ISSUE

ALL IN A LIFETIME *by FRANK BECK*



VIC JORDAN

VIC
AND ELSE
CONTACT
DR. HAUSMAN
A LEADER
OF THE
UNDERGROUND
VIC
MAKES HIS
REPORT.....

WE'VE MUCH TO DO, DOCTOR, INCLUDING
SOME PLAN TO HIDE AND PROTECT
ELSE. BUT FIRST WE MUST TIP OFF
LONDON ABOUT A GAME WARDEN
NAMED SCHULTZ. THE SCHULTZ I
MET IS A GESTAPO PLANT!



OF COURSE, THE GESTAPO
DOESN'T GRAB YOU AT
SCHULTZ'S PLACE. THAT
WOULD ELIMINATE THE
WARDEN'S HUT AS A
"DROP".



SEE THAT THIS
IS DELIVERED
AT ONCE.



I HAVE A LITTLE MYSTERY
OF MY OWN, DOCTOR. I'M
TRAILING THE GHOST OF
A BRITISH AGENT WHO
OPERATED HERE AS
GISSEL!



GISSEL
DEAD?.....I
MIGHT HAVE
GUESSED IT
AFTER THAT
NOTE HE
SENT!

GISSEL'S NOTE SIMPLY SAID
THE GESTAPO WAS TRAILING
HIM. THAT HE WAS LEAVING
TOWN SO FAST HE DIDN'T
HAVE TIME TO TAKE HIS LUGGAGE.
I KNEW HIM VERY LITTLE—HE
WAS VERY SECRETIVE!



HIS LUGGAGE!
HE LEFT THAT
BEHIND! WHERE
DID HE LEAVE
IT?

A FEW MINUTES
ON THE TRAM
FROM HERE.....
BUT YOU CAN'T
BE THINKING
OF—



YOU THINK IT'S A THIN
THREAD, DOCTOR, AND
I KNOW IT! BUT I'VE
NO CHOICE. THE
LUGGAGE, IF IT'S STILL
THERE, MAY LEAD
SOMEWHERE.

THE GESTAPO
MAY HAVE BEEN
THERE BEFORE
YOU! YOU THINK
IT WORTH THE
RISK!



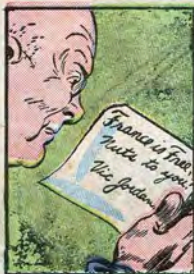
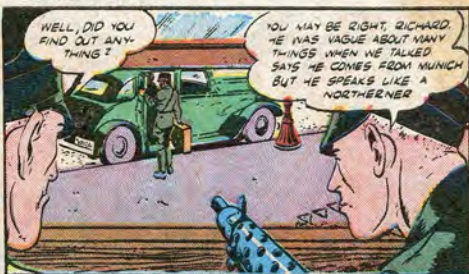
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**FRANK
BECK**

*J*UNIOR IS CURING A
PUPPY OF CAR SICKNESS
AND BO IS JEALOUS OF
ALL THE ATTENTION THE
PUPPY IS GETTING.....

OH, OH... THE SMELL
FROM THAT COOKING
MEAT IS MAKING ME
HUNGRY.... THERE'S
NO SENSE IN MY
LEAVING HOME
ON AN EMPTY
STOMACH.



IN FACT... WHY LEAVE AT ALL?
WHY PLAY INTO THAT PUP'S
HANDS... I'M GOING TO STICK
AROUND AND GET MY GRUB...
I'LL JUST IGNORE THAT PUP
AND JUNIOR, TOO... IN
FACT I'LL IGNORE THE
WHOLE BUNCH!

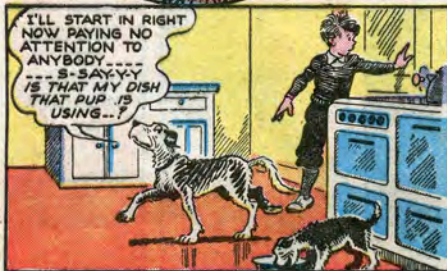


JUST A MINUTE,
BO, AND I'LL LET
YOU IN...

SCRATCH
SCRATCH!



I'LL START IN RIGHT
NOW PAYING NO
ATTENTION TO
ANYBODY...
--- S-SAY---
IS THAT MY DISH
THAT PUP IS
USING...?



I CAN'T JUST SIT BY
AND IGNORE THAT. HE'S
TOO SMALL TO JUMP
ON, BUT I'LL COOL HIM
OFF SOMEHOW
WITHOUT JUNIOR
GETTING WISE..



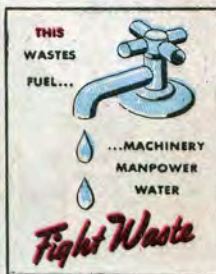
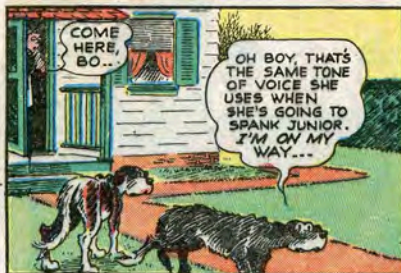
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BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT





DEEP IN THE JUNGLE... TRAPEZING LIKE A MONKEY... A WEIRD LITTLE DEMON WHO BEARS AN UNCANNY RESEMBLANCE TO *THE FACE*!

♪ ♪ ♪
OGLEWOP!
 ♪ ♪ ♪

BIGGS DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK AFTER SEEING *THE FACE* LOPE AWAY ON A BODY ONLY TWO FEET HIGH!

NEITHER DO I... TELL ME, BILL - WHO WAS IT - AND HOW CAN WE GET *THE FACE* MASK BACK?

IN A JAPANESE PRISON CAMP....

MAJOR HEDAKI AND GENERAL YATO... BOTH DEAD...

IF I KNOW JAPS, WE'RE GOING TO BE BLAMED FOR KILLING THEM.



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

THE BATTLE LINES IN THIS SECTION ARE UNDEFINED — AND THE WOODS ARE FULL OF SNIPING LITTLE SONS OF HEAVEN....

I TAKE IT ALL BACK, BABS! 'CAN'T TELL WHETHER YOU'RE HITTING ANYTHING WITH THAT FLIT GUN, BUT YOU'RE SHORE MIGHTY COMFORTIN' TO HAVE ALONG, MA'AM, TO SCARE THE FUJI YAMA OUT O' THE NESTIN' NIPS.

BUT AT THAT MOMENT, THE JAP SNIPER IS AFRAID OF SOMETHING MORE TERRIFYING THAN BULLETS... THE FACE, IN THE NEW ECONOMY SIZE....

OGLEWOP!

LIKE JUNGLE FELLOW DO IN MOON PICTURES — AY-O-AY-OO-OOO!

WE'RE PRETTY NEAR THE NATIVE VILLAGE... IT WAS ABOUT HERE THAT I FIRST SAW THE LITTLE GUY.

OH, I HOPE WE CAN FIND THE FACE MASK!

IT'LL BE EASY! ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS FIND THE LITTLE GUY... THAT OUGHT TO BE A CINCH — THERE'S ONLY ONE LIKE HIM!

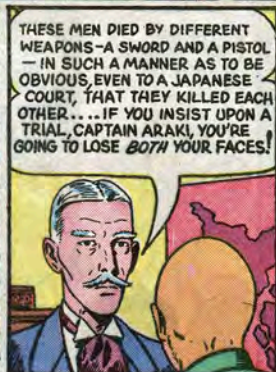
WHAT DID YOU SAY?

HOLY SMOKE! A PIGMY VILLAGE! HUNDREDS OF LITTLE GUYS — AND EVERY ONE LOOKS ALIKE!

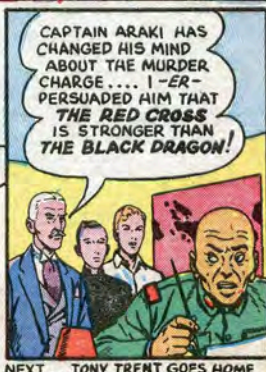
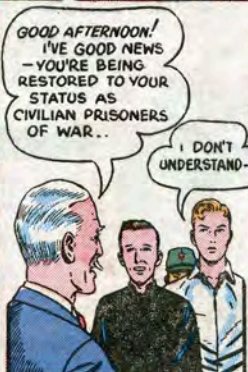
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NEXT... TONY TRENT GOES HOME

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- 1. MAGIC FRAME**—An amazing trick! Any card selected by a spectator is instantly made to appear in the Magic Frame, replacing a card previously in frame.
- 2. CHAN'S LAUNDRY TICKET**—A strip of paper with Chinese characters is torn into small pieces, then restored! A spectacular trick! Five tickets included. You can make your own after you know the secret!
- 3. YOGI BEADS**—Three colored wooden beads on a string are held at both ends of string by spectator. Magician instantly removes all the beads, which may be examined. A smart trick! No skill required!
- 4. MAGIC RULER**—A 5 inch ruler with hole in center, is inserted in a fancy slotted cover, between the covers. A metal fastener locks ruler between covers, but the magician removes the ruler promptly. Solid through solid effect! Ruler and cover, also fastener, may be examined. Astonishing!
- 5. Z MONEY VANISHER**—Coins, bills, small articles appear or disappear with this clever device. No skill required. Change a penny into a dollar and vice versa.
- 6. FOOLED AGAIN**—A comedy ruse trick that fools all! One red and two black cards are shown. The red card mysteriously disappears and is found in the magician's pocket or under the rug, etc. The original red card changes to a card reading "Fooled" on one side, and "Fooled Again" on other side.
- 7. RED DEVILS**—Three red dice are thrown on table by magician. One of the dice is placed in his pocket with right hand and the other two picked up in his left hand. Yet, when his left hand is opened, it contains THREE DICE. Can be repeated!
- 8. MYSTIC TABS**—Three tabs, colored red, white and blue are given to spectator, also a string. Spectator is asked to thread tags through top holes, to hold both ends of string. Magician removes center white tag without tearing it. A great stunt!
- 9. MAGIC RATTLE BARS**—Three bars are shown. One rattles, two don't. They are mixed around and spectator is asked to tell which rattles, but ALWAYS falls! This trick alone usually sells for \$1.00 and it's a home!
- 10. AGAINST GRAVITY**—A handkerchief is cornered over a box and then two ordinary inverted drinking glasses placed upon it. Magician turns the board upside down but glasses do not drop. One glass may be removed but other still remains in position. A most mystifying trick, but E-Z to do with our secret apparatus.

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● Due to difficulty in obtaining good leather because of war conditions, the supply of these Billfolds is limited. Remember, you get 3 Big Values for only \$1.98. So rush your order today! If after receiving your Engraved Billfold, you don't positively agree that this is the most outstanding bargain you ever came across, return it and we'll refund the money.

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If you want a LODGE, ARMY, or NAVY INSIGNIA, state name here _____
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MY FULL NAME _____ (PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY!)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

☐ Check here if you want Social Security Number _____

on to ship the above C. O. D. for only \$1.98 plus 20% Tax, postage and C. O. D. charges.

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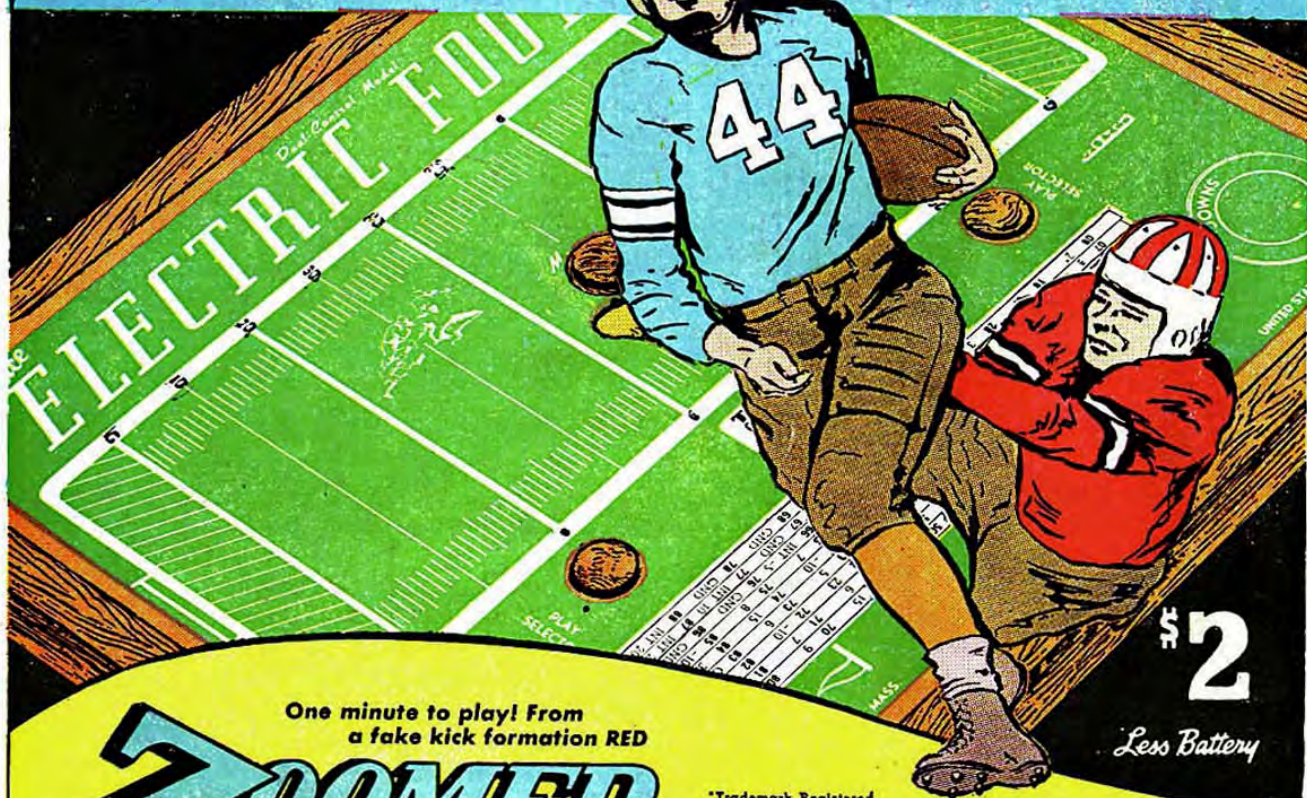
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